Kate Carew's Volley of Questions Finally Drew Broadside from Mr. Waldo

She Had a Pet List of Queries to Hurl at the Police Commissioner When She Bearded Him in His Den, and He Gave Her a Conglomerate Answer to the Whole Lot.

my way downtown the other after-

Then the broken line of nice little brokers' boys attracted me. They had slicked through the third degree. their hair and their desks. They had recreased their trousers and their glances were directed north, where they were actually "hiking" -- that's a good word, if prop- had gained much useful information

Then I observed "popper" and "mommer bur with a Limousine filled with Capital-

your Aunt Kate woke up to the knowledge that it was Saturday afternoon, not the time the properly trained Interviewer the secrets that all the politicians are so mad to divulge.

happens to be Thursday and you are told It is Monday you go and do the family wash wilnout a word.

That explains why on Saturday afternoon I was chirping to a fatherly ticket seller-how fatherly they can be!-who inregue: "Where in Mulberry street are ye primitive color schemes, poor dears!

To the individual changes and chancesden't you love this moving from flat to flat? your Aunt Kate's existence has been know that it moved away two years ago?

last visit to the Mulberry Bend establishment was made particularly agreeable by but merely for publication purposes-with the best Chief of Police New York ever had," handsome, blue eyed "Bill" Devery, They say he's in the real estate business now. Why will handsome, blue eyed men

he ticket seller allowed, "They've a grand place now; they ain't been in Mulherry sence I don't know when. After you've seen the new 'un you won't ever olss it again." What did he mean by that? I cannot explain such a cryptic utterance but 1 do remember his complacent grunt of pride-taxpayer's prideand disapproval of my ignorance, as one who might say, as I heard a man say pace when a woman lost her carfare in the depths of a disappearing pocket, "And thim's the kind that wants the vote."

AWESOME NEW MAGNIFICENCE.

place" I was approaching. I sighed for the old shadowy corridors, the lurking lovely emotional, soul-stirring note, spots of gloom, the Black Hand atmos- never make a success for that reason." grimness of the entrance, the ghostly creakings of protesting boards. Never was a stage setting more artistically Mixer." do with my past-that Clinging Vine past.

It took me a long time to regain my composure. Meantime the L road conductor varied his solicitous answers to my inquiries with peeps inside his coat, where he was apparently carrying a newspaper sketch of Mrs. Isabella Goodwin, latest espirant for detective honors.

That I didn't look like the picture was a do it." distinct disappointment. You could see that he was trying to make up his mind whether it was my cursed individual obstinacy or just the hard luck of the artist whose subject won't look like the drawing-it does happen that way sometimes.

You recall when Bunyan's Pilgrim faced the stone lions he thought they were real, as we so often do-note the moral touch!

Exactly the same did I feel approaching the magnificence of that new building, the towering façade of stone, the sculptured brutes, the golden dome to which the conductor had pointed-again the taxpayer's pride-the nice, broad steps. Do you suppose the criminals remember that it's the first step that counts? I can't help these ethical asides; they're in the air.

no more pathetic sight on earth than tha Clinging Vine gently trying to attach itself to some substance that eludes the grasp. Like Bunyan's Pilgrim I want ed to cut and run, but like him I faced the music-I mean the Hons-and ever h the moment of my upper C fright I could not help but think how alluring the city had made crime. Why, I felt as if I were going to a reception at the White House. Personally I think the new Police Head quarters much more attractive, on the outside, of course. Naturally, I have never been asked inside the White House, but am not one to complain; you know that,

A charming old official kept guard over the lions and of the quiet, uninhabited interior. He had white hair and a white soul He welcomed me as cordially as if I had "Your first offence. been a real criminal. Miss?" he inquired. Oh, so genially!

Moved by his paternal manner I confessed at this was my first offence-in the new Hesdquarters and that I was looking for the Police Commissioner, Mr. Rhinelander Waldo. From him I received the sad news broken gently but firmly, that, as it was Saturday afternoon, the Commissioner, true to immemorial usage, was, in all probability, absent from the post of duty. Used to and the Commissioner so interested in his work that he couldn't leave."

Lact and self-control sets the quantes enough to suggest a cutting of those good lunches; and yet, I don't know-he is so them on The Force, too! After all, the nice afterward. giving advice, he said: "You'd better try,

but he wasn't. As I trekked to the ele-vator White Soul whispered; "If he ain't tically the same point of view. I will give flawless. He rose and took my hand there don't you care; you just come down you that nut to crack, my dears. more sunshine, marble slabs, a clerical of the society dude he was called year-

and try again; try again." The elevator man, also white souled, es corted me to the room of Mr. Winfield Sheehan, the secretary. He was apparently afraid that I would get lost in the long, behind which were the weighty secrets I

Was to bear away. Alas, the door was locked. The Control of the folice of the Police Commissions. straight hall; at the far, far end-oh, those the day, the secretary had gone for the sioner. Quite a journey, my dears, but, cause I felt quite maternal. -everybody had gone for the day. There was nothing left for me to do but was.

The elevator man suggested that I try stain. The white souled official nurmured the furniture of the Commissioner's room signs police reports "R. Waldo"-I find "Try again" the way that he cuts off the "Who's Who" "Rhinelander" and just the furniture of the Commissioner's room signs police reports "R. Waldo"-I find Try again" twice. I departed in an at-The impression I had gained was a vital my fluttering cyclids I saw that Mr. Rhine- Benedictine cycs -yellowy-greeny-bluish

one. Not only has sanitation and sunlight replaced the dinginess and gloom, but the manners of the salon have succeeded to noon I caught the look in the eyes those of the saloon. Naturally I don't reof a pretty young thing, all dressed fer to handsome, blue-eyed "Bill" Devery in holiday attire, to meet her best beau. or any of his sort who ruled from time to h holiday artistion in those time over the Mulberry menage. But in the new Police Headquarters the most fastidious criminal couldn't object to being put So, in a word, all was not lost, as the

man said who threw a stone at a bird. missed it, but hit his mother-in-law, for I Monday I was on hand, bright if not

early. Your Aunt Kate always rises to road of ten. Then a proud chauf- the occasional batt, and when the editor had suggested after luncheon as a particutarty happy from to interview police commissioners I was not standing on the steps to greet Mr. Waldo at 9 a. m. In fact, it was 2:30 when I poked through the threeply door, hoping for that good digestion on which the interviewer's happiness so often depends. It isn't your Aunt Kate's one cannot be a way to take an advantage of any one, and Clinging Vine, as I have been for a long when the editor had tacked to his original time, and change all at once into an Oak. usually took a very good lunch I went and track of the days of the week, and if it took one, too-one, not two-of course, at the expense of the paper.

As I look back at my progress I have the impression of elegance added to that of hygiene, noted before. I recall carpets of red or green, I can't remember which. They are always one or tother when men quired in a Playboy-of-the-Western-World have their own way. They have such afther goin'?" and when, in my dignified were soft-the carpets, I mean-and there way. I responded: "To the Police Head- was Flemish oak and marble thrown about quarters," he looked amazed that a person as recklessly as tombstones in a cemetery so alert as I should be so ignorant. Ah, It's a rich city we live in. The picture this being young and old at one and the grows as I rub my memory; there was an octagonal room and there were long halls, with many doors opening frequently Outside one of these I introduced myself

to a very handsome young man. He nearly added a knowledge of the insecurity of life got by, but I haven't gained the reputation in general, new subways tearing up the I own for alertness by any false methods. earth, new skyscrapers cleaving the air, He stopped. Later I learned that his name tunnels where fish used to live, balloons is Shaw and that he's been on the force where the hirds flew. It has been so restful some sixteen years and is now a lieutento feel that the old, dank, dark, dingy ant. At the moment I just noticed that his Police Headquarters was as stationary as hair was frosted with silver and he had tub in a model tenement. How could I nice, big brown eyes. It is my unbiassed opinion that you can find just as many It was a spot replete with hallowed Apollo Belvederes on the New York police memories, and when you realize that I have force as there ever were on those of anthought of the Police Headquarters with- clent Greece. Degeneracy of the race (P)Shaw.

When I told him who and why I was he you know an old lady gets garrulous. My asked "Did you do those Lulu pictures" Oh, those haunting Lulu pictures! I wasn't going to steal any one's thunder right a chat-not as a guarantee of good faith. Police Headquarters, so I said "No." He hoped I wasn't going to interview him.

OPINIONS OF AN APOLLO.

"I think public men talk too much,

Your Aunt Kate-ah, the artful flatterer vide Clinging Vine)-chirpily said: "But if a man is clever and good looking (you should have seen the look accompanying should feel that way.

Apollo Shaw ignored the pretty persiflage. He repeated himself, but he did it with such an air. "They talk too much." Taking the cue with feminine meekness, I+e inquired. "Then you think that it is bette

to be a good listener?" "You can't be a listener and a Good Mixer." he responded, a mite gloomily Then he sert of took me into his confi-

dence. They will do it, father me, and adof the "grand tvise me and confess to me. "Yes," said he, and his voice took on that

I sighed.

"No." gloomed he, "I am not a Good

fitted to the production. It was smelly, but | Naturally, I thought he was speaking of ch! my dears, the chlaroscuro. No. 1 the pink lemonade maker at a "Tim" Sulli won't tell you what that means; it has to van picnic, but as he continued talking while we strolled down the corridor I was rather glad that I hadn't offered him my New England recipe.

A Good Mixer, according to Apollo Shaw. is one who can talk to a man he hates so said man won't know they aren't as thick as college chums or women bridge flends. "I'm not an actor," he added. "I can't

"You should study diplomacy," chirped I, rather sententiously, for a late Clinging



"I SUPPOSE YOU ARE GOING TO ASK ME ALL THE QUESTIONS ON THE CALENDAR FROM THE TARIFF TO THE TAXI ROBBERY."

HE SAID I WAS A GOOD LISTENER.

Plaza and Police Headquarters have prac- . Yes, his manner as he greeted me was

I had a vision of more big, light rooms, warm, good heart, or is it circulation?

to do with me-another talk, this time with cigar which he smoked all through the

reached the office of the Police Commis-

While I was trying the New Thought so modest, by the way, that he cuts off

was of heroic proportions, especially the that he has a short executive nose and centre table, and when I at length lifted using the facile term of a accibble free

I'm an expert in hands, and I like his

to the face of the Commissioner-who is

speak, for obvious reasons, of his stocking twins. Sometimes they are sky, then they and, after you leave the brow, the features "Yes," said I. "Mr. Frederick Townsend height, and he is rapidly putting on weight half close, again they become quizzical, are sort of bunched together—no big Martin, who has busily written about the He didn't put it on while I was there, of opening suddenly and surprising you. His spaces. There is a slight fulness under

simple vocabulary at the Police Headquar-ters. He corrected my phrase to "What a man needs are fact and self-control."

heroic, I mean, of course. should say these same eyes—he has only juit too fine a point upon it, his head is rather of the bullet order, quite round;

"DO YOU THINK I'D MAKE A GOOD

DETECTIVE?" BROUGHT A SMILE!

TO THE COMMISSIONER'S FACE.

They like simple ideas served up in a lander Waldo was built on the same lines fones. Using my own simple terms, I and, oh, girls, it is getting thin! Not to

approached and found them but near-lions, idle rich, told me once at the Plaza that course, not as rapid as that, but rapid complexion is florid, and his hair is sandy, the eyes and more than a hint of a coming suggest the portraits of the champions of the ring, and there is a loss of symmetry ence? about the cheeks. Nat Goodwin used to like the lambrequin, it intimates age or

> What do you say, my dears you thought | St he was young? Watt.

A peculiar formation of the law is shown when he smiles, perhaps because he was born with a golden spoon in his mouth, and at these infrequent occasions there is a I have plenty of time I intend to write a Teeth, Considered as a Political Asset."

The Commissioner's face is clean shaven, and the prevailing expression, notwithstanding the responsibility of premature age, is distinctly boyish. To sum up, he seemed to my reading a young man of character and of personality, and the two do not always go side by side.

His first words showed that he has the nemory, claimed to be a good assistant to

me all the questions on the calendar from aim? the tariff to the taxi robbers When I admitted the soft impeachment ing at?" The "sly" Commissioner

his expression changed from one of half amused telerance to a sort of dogged resig-I might insert here, my dears, that the

We sat down

Folice Commissioner does not make it easy officer's character? for you. No meeting you half way on the stairs. So, if you have any little tendencies to crime, please check them.

He waited, smoking like a newsboy. broke the ice and plunged in. My, but it "Do you find your present work as pict-

uresque and stimulating as that of your soldier days?" It sounds rather foolish written, doesn't it? But you know on a the crowded tenement districts? foolish peg many a man has hung an immortal epigram. His eyelashes fluttered. I had never seen

and I was so interested.

He dian't disturb me. He had apparently gone into The Silence, as say the Parsees. Finally, "Go on." said he, between puffs "But aren't you going to answer? pleaded I To this he responded. "I want to find

out what you are here to talk about." Isn't that the veritable Sherlock and Lepine and Isabelle Goodwin rolled into one composite picture? Groundless suspicious, for your Aunt Kate had burned the midnight nickel-in-the-slot gas thinking up that artistic interrogation. Question .- "Do you miss the military

Quiet, and the verbal whip applied to my faltering courage. "Go on."

Oh, for the gift of speech to earth's silent ones. I interpolated this in my thoughts. Aloud I said:

"Are you fond of sports, athletic ones mean? Horses? Dogs?" Puff. Puff. "Go on.

"Dogs" I repeated don't wish to talk about myself. People are not interested. Who cares

whether I am fond of dogs or not?" "Oh, I'm sure they're dying to know," I

chirped, so politely. Puff. Puff. Silence. "Go on." "Cats" You know I can be dogged, too.

He looked at me through the slit in his eyes, wondering if I suspected him of being the author of the letter to Mayor Gaynor omplaining of slumbers disturbed by oper atic Tom cats practising their arias.

NOT KEEN ABOUT CATS.

No. I'm not keen about cats." Really? You know they are very restful. Why, Chief Croker told me once"-"Which Croker?

peds; that if you had monkeys in a racing tience-he needs to be. able to training, and as for goats"----

hesitates is lost.

Puff. Puff. Silence. Eyelash flutter.

My paper commenced to flutter, too.

Impulsively I realized that an interviewer cannot go on firing questions into a lambent, unresponsive atmosphere forever at the same time that I realized his quivering cyclash was caught napping in the space where my last question splashed across the

He was waiting for that and there would be nothing doing until he had it. Your Aunt Kate can do a little detective work

I threw them at him like verbal bombs, or suffragette stones. He was just as peaceful and puffy as he had been all

FIRST MONOLOGUE is the policeman's so-called bravery just

routine duty, devoid of the spirit of self-When self-consciousness enters into

rescue, as stopping a runaway horse in a rowded street, is that bravery? Can you recall a particularly interesting feat of courage in your military experi-

What is the best system of discipline? Are our men as well educated as the English police and how does our system

compare with that of Scotland Yard, Paris, Petersburg, Berlin? What are the qualifications for a good

female detective? How does she compare Do you think I'd make a good detective

He showed his teeth. Is her intuitive faculty of value? Is her sex a handicap? Can she be de

real, serious essay on "The Psychology of pended on in an emergency? Does she think as quickly as the man? Is she as logical a reasoner? Does she act on im-

SECOND MONOLOGUE.

is a disguise more difficult for a woman r for a man? Has she endurance enough to make a good police officer?

(Ha-ha and again a Ha-ha)



LIKE BUNYAN'S PILGRIM, I WANTED TO CUT AND RUN.

guises, Motorcycles, Etc., He Spoke at Some Length, but on Subjects Like Poetry and Suffragettes He Was Non-Committal.

On Woman Detectives, Police Discipline, Dis-

tact and self-control in climbing the social y Do you think she will go into the field in case of war? How do you account for the recent organization of a uniformed company of Chi-

nese women for military service? Do you believe in suffrage for women? In evidence as his cigar, and giancing at it Do you think the violent tactics of the with his guizzical look turned on he re-British women will win them recognition? marked: "I suppose you are going to ask How do you account for their accurate

> The Commissioner, "What are they ail MONOLOGUE CONTINUED.

Is the New York public too censorious and too impatient for quick results?

In what respect was Mrs. Goodwin's work

Do you enjoy a case like the taxi ro

Did your imagination as a boy dwell on the subject of crime and its detection? Is it true that most of the tenement house fires are caused by untidy dumbwaiters? Should there be a compulsory fire drill in

Has the Fire Department enough authority? Do we have sufficient protection? Are there need of greater fire reforms? Are there secret societies and political cabals in the Fire Department? Have you any ambition outside of yo present work?

(Gesture of Negation.)

Doesn't the public official dream of what he would like to do to improve the condi-Wouldn't his life be dull if he hadn't tope to spur him on?

Hope-is that another name for ambition? (Puffs!) Is the self-made man an improvement on conventional type?

Will the picturesque mounted police ever se motor cars? What becomes of the police horses? Is it

hard to find good ones at present? Is there still discontent in the force about Are you fond of poetry?

Now your Aunt Kate is rather proud of that list of questions. If you read them over carefully you will note that they trail him from the time when he went to the Philippines, through his Fire Department

days, his interludes, to the present time. But for any response they evoked they might have been a duplicate of the long statistical report that was brought in and O. K'd while I sat and sat, He puffed for a moment. "I think, per-

haps, I will dictate my answers, if you don't mind." I twisted in my chair. Of course, I minded. To dictate answers means that all the

becomes merely businesslike. Better a few mistakes than many platitudes. He tapped a bell-it was the knell of my hopes. A stenographer came in and dic-

tation went on rapidly. The Police Commissioner has a peculiar voice, rather "Why, your Mr. Croker. He said that throaty and staccato. He speaks rapidly, cats were restful to human beings, and has a broad A, but enunciates very clearly that monkeys were equally so to quadru- The stenographer was the picture of pa-

stable the horses were much more amen- When the pothooks and hangers were gore we became quite friendly. There was I hesitated at the goats, and she who a loosening up of the rigid muscles of protesting fibre and the brain tissues expand-"Go on." Puff. Fuff. The lasting ed. I tell you I was glad. There is nothing that tires me like a lack of humor.

"How does the average policeman com-are with the soldier in courage? With

"Well, I had charge of a town of forty thousand inhabitants when I was twenty one. That was some sixteen years ago. "My, you're a kid!" I exclaimed.

VERGING ON SOCIETY.

He started to say something. I caught it n those Benedictine eyes-something that he might have said as he trotted down the Payne Whitney staircase with little me on his arm, but caught himself in time and remembered that we were not at the Payne Whitneys, but at Police Headquarters, I remembered at the same time, wasn't I quick? Think of my forgetting that? In place of the lovely compliment I al-

most got, he said, serious again-he will be; you can't help it.

after the Civil War when all the offices were held by old men. "Yes," I almost sobbed. He was so seri-"There are practically no old men in simi-

lar positions to-day. Even the Board of Aldermen is composed of youngsters, speaking comparatively." Wonder why he said "even"? Just when I was about to ask, the typed

transcript was brought in. The Commissioner handed it to me with the remark, You may make any necessary correct

Think of trusting me like that! Certainly. I must have made an impros-

n case the Suffrage-This is the Transcript:

TRANSCRIPT.

TRANSCRIPT.

The average man is brave. The men who are called upon constantly to face dangers develop this characteristic more than those not called upon to risk their lives. The policeman, the fireman and the soldier are equally brave. To constitute bravery the act must be one in which the man realizes he is risking his life, and also one in which he could avoid and yet escape censure. An act of physical prowess does not necessarily constitute bravery.

Discipline of a darge organization is maintained through the subdivision of authority. No man can bandle to advantage many more than fifteen men. To maintain discipline men must be treated with absolute justice. They must be made to realize the consequence of any violation of the rules and regulations which they may commit, and should realize that intelligence and devotion to duty will be properly rewarded.

votion to duty will be properly rewarded.

Intuition is merely the quick decision, based upon past experiences. Hence, the intuition of the man of much experience is of value. The intuition of one of no experience is even in valualess.

the results required.

in that she persisted and so accomplished the results required.

As to personal detection of crime, I have never worked along those lines.

The administration of the detective bureau is entirely apart from the detective bureau is entirely apart from the detection of crime. It consists of having men who are competent distributed under competent heads in such a manner as to obtain the best results possible.

I have no ambition except to make the Police Department as efficient as possible. Horses will not be replaced by patrol duty in outlying sections. A man cannot ride a motorevele and observe what is going on around him. As many good horses are not raised as formerly, but as the demand is much less we are still able to procure fine animals.

(No comment on Suffiagettes or Poetry.) During the year 1911 there were 148 murders, for which 125 persons were arrested and 7 committed suicide prior to police action. Not one has been executed for any of these murders. Only 13 have been convicted.

of these murders. Only 13 have been convicted.

Sentences have been suspended and convicted men freed by judges in 611 cases of felony. Il.430 cases of misdemeanor. 1,863 cases of juvenile delinquency, or a total of 13,894 suspended sentences.

In one case a young man was arrested three times within eight weeks in the act

Continued on fourth page